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No. 115 Vol. III.**



CITY

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Jan. 25, 1878.**



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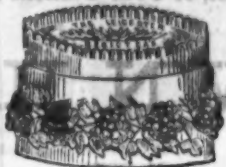
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JANUARY 25, 1878.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 115.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

HARD-UP.

[BY LEONARD BRIGHT.]

If you have never been hard-up you aren't able to enjoy being well-off.

Things are better with George Peel now, but at one time, years ago, he had to sail very close to the wind, and, as George himself makes no secret of the struggles which he went through then, neither need I.

He had been in Manchester for some years. Though no saint, George was a reliable, plodding servant, and in time he reaped his reward by obtaining what he regarded as a good appointment in the warehouse at a salary of three pounds a week.

For a young unmarried man in his position of life, that was very fair; and no doubt, with his careful habits, George Peel would have saved some money if he had not felt it to be a duty and a pleasure to remit as much as he could each week to his aged parents, who lived in a small Cheshire village.

I need not enter with detail into all the events which landed him in deep waters. Suffice it to say that he had lent money to "friends" who never returned it, and that, chiefly through the influence of his fellow-lodger, he had got into habits and ways of living which swelled his total weekly expenditure to more than a couple of pounds sterling.

Well, you say, he was still solvent and within the mark, with his three pounds weekly.

No; he wasn't. You see that as George Peel's salary went on increasing little by little he kept adding, in proportion, to the allowance which he made to his father and mother; and so it came to pass that when his wage was three pounds, their share was one pound five shillings.

You will see, then, that between spending over two pounds on himself and giving one pound five shillings to them he was pursuing a ruinous course.

Business man though he was, he did not quite realise that he was acting foolishly till some time later, for his credit was good amongst his companions and he found it easy to get ten shillings here and a pound there whenever he pleased.

At last the stern truth came home to him that he was some ten pounds in debt, and that there seemed to be little chance of wiping it out.

By sending no more money home, it is true, he might soon have pulled himself straight; but that thought never occurred to him except once, and I don't think he was far wrong in concluding that it was the suggestion of some evil spirit rather than the spontaneous offspring of his own mind or heart.

He was the only person that stood between his parents and the workhouse. If he didn't provide for them no one else would except the relieving officer.

That was enough for George Peel. Whatever his own privations might be, his father and mother, at least, would not feel them.

It was a noble resolution, and, like all other good resolutions, it strengthened his character and caused a gleam of light to dance round the edge of the dark cloud which hung over his head.

As the first step in the direction of trying to mend matters, he tore himself away from his fellow-lodger, and took less expensive apartments, and less sumptuously, and kept a closer guard on the comings and goings of his sixpences and pennies.

But when a man, with a small wage, gets even only ten pounds behind, it needs many a hard pull to bring things right again.

George Peel now experienced this. His clothes became shabby, some of his friends said he had suddenly grown stingy, and one or two of those to whom he was indebted began to bother him for their money.

The weather was bad at the time; George Peel's boots were bad also. Morning after morning his feet were soaking before he reached the warehouse. New boots he must have; but new boots he could not get if it was to save his life.

"George Peel's knocked up with fever," said one clerk to another, one day.

"I have seen it coming for some time," was the reply. "Why, he's been literally starving himself for months, and all for the sake of the old folks, who would be far better in the workhouse, the same as mine are."

The last speaker was Joseph Clarke, Peel's former fellow-lodger.

Clarke was one of those young fops and fools who think it beneath them to entertain any natural human feeling whatever.

He condescended to visit George Peel's humble lodgings several weeks later, when Peel was slowly recovering.

"You know, George," said Clarke, standing at the invalid's bedside; "you know, George, you have not taken proper care of yourself lately."

"I know that," George Peel answered; "but then I couldn't help it."

"Why, nothing would have been the matter with you if you hadn't starved yourself for the sake of the old folk at home."

"Don't mention that, Clarke; I only did my duty—scarcely that."

"They would be all right in the workhouse."

"They won't be there till I'm in my grave, God helping me!"

Peel soon got better; but, although his employers had continued to give him his full wage during the illness, he found himself now deeper in debt, chiefly on account of the bill which had been run up for medical attendance.

The task before him was harder than ever; but the great teacher Trial had fitted him better for facing it.

With a sore heart he cleared out all his little library—all those books which had been his companions in many an otherwise lonely hour—and what they realised went to settle the doctor's account.

Then he began to think it would be more satisfactory to have one creditor than sundry creditors. All the advertisements in the papers offering money to lend were eagerly read, and at length he fixed on one as seemingly the most likely. But when he went to the office the following day he could not muster up sufficient courage to go within the dreaded portals.

About that time, however, he fortunately unburdened himself to one who trusted him, and the result was that he obtained a loan rather more than sufficient to meet all his liabilities.

With one creditor, his duty was plainer and easier, his path smoother and in some eighteen months George Peel owed no man anything.

With the roll of the years the fortunes of George Peel and Joseph Clarke greatly changed. The former prospered, the latter sank lower and lower. Both were now married and had troops of little ones.

Hard times fell upon Manchester in common with the rest of the country, and hundreds walked our streets in rags.

"If you please, sir, do you know of a job?" said a starved-looking creature to George Peel, as he walked hurriedly along Exchange Street.

"No, I don't," he replied, without stopping.

The man halted for a moment or two and then hurried after Mr. Peel.

"I hope you'll excuse me, sir," he said; "but I have several children at home, and we have not had a morsel of bread in the house since yesterday afternoon."

Still, without stopping, Mr. Peel pulled from his pocket all the loose change it contained and handed it to Joseph Clarke; for it was he.

"God bless you, sir," said Clarke, not recognising Peel; "and may you and yours never know what it is to be HARD-UP!"

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(Manufactured by Levenshulme) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

OLD BOOTS.

[BY THE ANTIENT PISTOL.]

HERE, my masters, is a lay sermon on leather: scraps of philosophy on scraps of old shoon, and an appeal to the understanding of the upper, through the understanding of the nether man. "Ho! ho!" quoth the malapert wag; "and so the Antient is setting up for a cure of soles!"

Prithce, gentle youth, forbear!

"Go it like old boots," is one of the slang expressions of the day which puzzles me. The phrase is either very idiotic or it has a deep and hidden meaning which has never been revealed to me. Old boots are of all things in the world amongst those out of which the "go" may reasonably be supposed to have been taken; and I fear the saying is only ironical, as were the numerous inquiries that were wont to be made, some years ago, about our "poor feet." These poor feet are too much the unconsidered drudges of our incorporate anatomy. The hand is kissed and tenderly pressed, while it fondles and carresses in its turn. It gives flourishes to our oratory, and point and emphasis to our ordinary conversation. It is capable of expressing well-nigh aught, from the loftiest emotion to that sentiment of ineredulous contempt, signified by the gesture, vulgarly known as "bacon fat." A right lordly member is the hand; but the "poor feet," through soaking wet, and blistering heat, plod from morn till night on errands of business or pleasure—oft through dirty mire, which the eye cares not to scan, and which the hand scorns to touch. When the foot is engaged in the cause of honour, it is generally to bestow a kick where the more dignified hand would scorn to plant a blow.

Yet the foot is a wonderful exponent of character; and the philosophic cobbler (many cobblers are philosophic) will tell you that the boot which has taken the true mould of the foot affords an index to the character of the wearer. "Taking the measure of a man's foot" is a proverbial saying, which implies that you know the strength and weakness of his character; and it is a singular fact that cobblers and shoemakers—but more especially cobblers—are often shrewd observers of human nature.

Did you, good reader, ever soliloquize upon the stores of old boots and shoes that are garnered up in our local Shudehill? I have; and I have wandered wonderingly through that labyrinth of lanes and streets which lie in the purlieus of Dudley Street, Soho, where you may find the strangest studies of second frippery and cast-off shoes which the world can afford. Dudley Street is, if I remember aright, the Monmouth Street of the wits of a past age; and although it has been re-christened, it still maintains the time-honoured character as an emporium for second-hand apparel.

In these dingy slums, you will find the richest variety of cast-off shoe leather, from the navy's ironclad "beetle crusher" to the patent leather boot of swiftness, with all the intermediate grades of baby shoes, "high-tops," "Bluchers," "Wellingtons," "elastic sides," half-bred slippers, pattens, and dancing pumps between.

The clog—the typical Lancashire clog—is conspicuous from its absence.

"Here you are, come buy, come buy!" The sights and sounds are all suggestive of second-hand boots and shoes. The unsavoury smell of smouldering leather pairings assails your nose as you pass the cellar wherein the grisly unshaved cobbler and "vamp," with his shrewish wife and ragged, unkempt children, eat, sleep, drink, fight, live, and die, amidst surroundings of old boots and shoes, robbing and vamping their poor lives out, with, perhaps, ne'er a glimpse of a green field or a sunny holiday.

A sad and grimly grotesque story this array of old boots tells.

What, for instance, is the history of these huge navy boots, the contemplation of which makes our corns instinctively to wince? Perhaps some lusty fellow put them on upon a certain morning never to pull them off again. A collapsing embankment, or the splinter from a blasted rock, made the wearer lifeless and "bootless" for ever. Or it may be that they were only sent into pawnbroking captivity, ne'er to be redeemed, to prolong a wild debauch. Let us hope that they have never come into unkindly contact with the ribs of some humble helpmate or hapless paramour!

That display of children's shoes is to me the most touching of all. Were the little feet they were wont to cover stripped that poor little hungry stomachs might be fed? and do these little feet, whose merry patter once made music by some humble fireside, now wander slipshod or bare over the cold streets? or do they lie motionless in the grave?

Behold, here is another study! Look at that fat little dumphy boot, full of laughing creases, and with a rakish, upturned toe! What an arch

little vagabond it is! Depend upon it, that boot knows its way about town, and where good dinners may be found. It has often taken its ease beneath a tavern table, and wended its devious way at unholy hours in the morning to its home, to be pulled off by some "sulky, sullen dame," whose angry expostulations the rakish little boot did not value one d—, that is, one daub of Day and Martin!

That square, thick-set fellow, plain, but substantial, speaks of a sturdy, resolute wearer, who put his foot boldly on the earth and walked with a firm, reliant air; and here is a dilapidated—worn down at the heels—generally neglected, and altogether characterless pair of boots, that bespeak as plainly a shiftless, shuffling owner, who has at some time ambled his aimless way through the world.

Men with long and narrow feet are generally of an emotional and nervous temperament, and here are a pair of boots that may have belonged to a luckless poet. These flat-soled unelastic shoes were doubtless worn by a man who shambled awkwardly, but carefully, through the paths of life, eschewing the mud and mire. He never distinguished himself in a quadrille, but in the race of life it's more than likely that he has beaten, in the long run, the springy and volatile foot that once did fill this jany looking boot which next meets our gaze.

And, again, to what old curmudgeon did these gnarled, knotted boots belong? Cantankerous looking rascals they are, truly! They seem actually to scowl upon you with a misanthropic look. Should we be far wrong in saying that they at one time belonged to a rate collector, a relieving officer, or an unfortunate Scotch packman?

Through what sudden vicissitude of fortune did these natty satin pumps, for which Cinderella might have taken the measure, find their way to Second-Hand Street? It would be interesting, but perhaps improper, to follow their short but merry (?) career. I have a suspicion that they are not altogether innocent of the ways of the *demi-monde*, for see yonder rakish pair of military boots seems to wink at them, as if they had formed an acquaintance ere they met in Dudley Street.

A little world of sham, too, is this Second-Hand Street. Many of these second-hand boots are like the battered beaux and belles who try to simulate the bloom of youth with the aid of paint, powder, and cosmetics, but whose charms will not wash. A shower of rain, or a few days' wear, will reveal the ghastly cracks and wrinkles of old age which the composition of the cunning vampir has but skinned and filmed over.

If there could be a grand resurrection of all this shoe leather, which has been divorced by death, or other causes, from the living feet to which they were once wedded, and if the original owners could be gathered together to claim their old boots and shoes, what a motley crowd would assemble in this Second-Hand Street, and what strange and diversified paths would the re-united boots and shoes take!

I have heard of an old captain who kept all his battered campaigning boots as a memento of the hardships he had endured in toilsome marches and battlefields, and the contemplation of these relics gave a zest to the fireside comfort which he enjoyed in his superannuated old age.

You and I, good reader, could have furnished forth a similar array of memorial boots if caprice had so prompted us. No doubt we can remember the exact cut and shape of the boots in which we marched to our wedding, or in which we stood by the chilling grave of a dear parent or child; but they have long since been consigned to the dust-heap, or disposed of to the old-clothes man.

Undermining poverty begins with a man's feet. The well-to-do citizen, who can afford to disregard fashionable proprieties, may wear a seedy coat or "a shocking bad hat," but health-conserving prudence will prevent him from wearing a pair of leaky boots. For the first insidious inroad of poverty, look at a man's feet!

Some months ago, while walking along the streets of one of our large English manufacturing towns, I was attracted by a crowd.

On inquiring the cause of the commotion, I was told that a man had fallen dead in the street. With a morbid curiosity, I pressed onward to get a view of the object of melancholy interest, but so great was the crowd that I could only catch a glimpse of the shoes and seedy black apparel of the dead man, who was being borne forward in a prone position. But ah! what a tale of misery did these poor boots tell! They had been patched and stitched till the rotten leather and the waxed threads could no longer hold together. In that dreary pair of boots I could read, as I thought, the last chapter of that man's life. Misfortune—merited or unmerited—had overtaken him. He clung as long as he could to some of the external symbols of respectability. His seedy black coat had been

patched and renovated—purged and re-purged of its greasy blemishes; and his hat had been dressed and re-dressed till it became a shining model of shabby gentility. Still the poor fellow had hoped against hope that Fortune had not utterly deserted him. She would descend when least expected from the clouds, or he would run against her round the street corner some fine day. "Something must turn up," he would no doubt say to himself, when the pangs of heart-sickness produced of hope deferred were strong upon him; but when these sorry boots became utter and undisguisable ruins, grim despair began to lay hold of him. Through these breaches, from which the lifeless feet are now protruding, damp Death made an easy entry, and stole upwards and upwards to the citadel of life which has within this moment yielded an easy capitulation!

A sorry sight is a pair of feet without shoes; and a sorry sight, under certain circumstances, is a pair of shoes without feet.

Jaded and sickly the master of the house comes home, on a certain evening, and languidly pulls his boots off. He will be better on the morrow; but the doctor comes and is followed by the sick nurse. Many a morning follows, yet the lustre of the latest blacking is still undimmed on these boots. One morning their owner is borne feet foremost down stairs, and there is no mute at his funeral so mutely eloquent as these footless boots.

SONGS OF THE DAY.—No. VII.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

ONE Thursday, when Dizzy got out of his bed,
He looked happy at something or other,
And he laughed and he chuckled, and wagged his old head,
And he kicked up a mighty fine pother—
So much so that Corry rushed up in a fright,
With his coat off and hair all dishevelled,
Feeling sure that old Dizzy must either be tight,
Or possibly even bedevilled.

And when he got in there was Dizzy half drowsed—

He was dancing about like a pixy—

So Corry decided he must be possessed,

And he, greatly alarmed, said, "Oh, Nixey!

I'll be off to get help!" when old Dizzy cried, "Stay,

Or I'll precious soon make you feel sorry;

Come, have you forgotten that this is the day?

You remarkably silly old Corry!"

Then Corry remembered that this was the day

When the Parliament had to assemble,

And immediately he began bawling "Hooray!"

In his joy—which he could not dissemble.

And said he, "Go it, old 'un!" and then they both smiled

Till the tears all ran down their two faces;

Said Dizzy, "Oh woe they be sweetly beguiled!"

And they fell in each other's embraces.

"When they find," resumed Dizzy, "it's all a mare's nest,

And we have no intention of fighting,

Notwithstanding my speech as the Lord Mayor's guest,

And the stuff that the *Telegraph's* writing."

Just as Dizzy said this he gave Corry a poke,

Almost knocking him out of position;

And they both again roared, as they thought of the joke

They would play with the Queen's Opposition.

Then he got rather pensive. Said he, "It's quite true,

That if I could attain my ambition,

I should precious soon go into war, as they knew—

For to save those dear Turks is my mission.

But it's clearly no go; they have made such a row

That it would not be safe to attempt it,

So that all I can do is to go down and woe

If they thought I so wished, then they dreamt it."

"But no matter, someday there may yet be a chance

For inducing the people to follow

My steps, when I teach them another war dance,

And beat that old Gladstone quite hollow.

That man—well, he really my temper does tax

Pretty nearly beyond all endurance,

I wish he would cut off his head with his axe,

And I gladly would pay his insurance."

So Dizzy went down to the House; and he wore

A look of most innocent candour,

And he turned up the whites of his eyes as he swore

That he was the victim of slander.

And he told those astonished big-wigs that same night
That his critics were greatly mistaken,
For he never, oh never, had wanted to fight,
Nor would wish such a war undertaken.

And, of course, all the lords, who are very polite,
Tried to look just as though they believed him;
They wouldn't, of course, speak as plain as they might,
Because it might really have grieved him,
But the people outside, who are not so well bred,
Or accustomed to use such fine diction,
Declared that old Dix, in each sentence he said,
Was telling—well, using a fiction.

REALLY TOO HARD ON HIM.

[BY OUR OWN LOAFER.]

I AM rather afraid that Salford is becoming by no means an enviable place in which to reside, and that before long decent people will have to desert it *en masse*. I am not now referring to political matters, although, perhaps, the recent town's meeting in the Town Hall might be quoted as backing me up very strongly in the opinion which is being forced upon me. Politics, however, are for the present, at any rate, not being considered at all by me, my attention being directed solely to the social characteristics of some of the inhabitants of the borough. Everybody knows that there is a terribly rough element in Salford, and that the persons who come under this head indulge pretty freely in all kinds of violence and bad behaviour. Unfortunately, they do not confine themselves to exercising their evil propensities amongst themselves, and, more shocking still, they are not content to interfere only with ordinary burgesses, but have the effrontery to molest those who are high in authority, flying at as high game as justices of the peace. Indeed, it appears to me that the Salford justices are an unfortunate and persecuted lot of mortals. Not long ago, as no doubt your readers will remember, Alderman Robinson, a borough magistrate, related that he had had to drive off the pavement small boys who would drag their coal-wagons along the sidewalks to the danger of aldermanic and ordinary toes and shins; and now we have Mr. Wright Turner, a justice of some little consequence, coming forward with a sad tale. The murder came out at the Borough Police Court a morning or two ago, and no doubt Mr. Wright Turner's woes would have remained unknown to a sympathetic world had I not been "hanging about" the place. Several rough lads were brought before the Bench on the common enough charge—much too common at the Borough Court—of being riotous and disorderly, the offence really consisting of jostling a man off the footpath, and then pitching into him. This abominable conduct is, as I have said, only too prevalent, and the wonder to me is that the magistrates have not dealt with lads so offending much more severely than they have done. Occasionally a magistrate does open his eyes to the necessity for severity, and imposes a fine which makes the sentenced youth stare, accustomed as these fellows are to good advice and light fines; but the thing is not followed up as it should be, in my opinion, and so it comes about that this "riotous and disorderly" conduct continues to be a perfect nuisance. Mr. Wright Turner happened to be the presiding magistrate on the occasion in question, and when he and his colleagues had heard the case he intimated that he had a little personal experience in this matter. Like a decent, order-loving, and order-preserving citizen, Mr. Wright Turner, it appears, goes to church on the Sunday evening, and he says that he cannot return home from divine service without having to leave the footpath, and go into the middle of the road, in order to avoid being jostled by rough lads who have the impudence to make Eccles Old Road the scene of their misdoings. Truly, I feel deeply for Mr. Wright Turner. Surely these wretches of boys might be content to put persons to inconvenience in the less important parts of the Borough, and to choose their victims from amongst persons of less consequence than justices of the peace. It really is too bad that the high-class neighbourhood of Eccles Old Road and the high-class residents upon and near that road should be troubled in this way. There is, however, one little bit of consolation—not for Mr. Wright Turner, but for the ratepayers generally. We know that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and if magistrates are bothered in this way, they may, perhaps, be rendered more than ever alive to the annoyance to which well-behaved people are put by these young and promising roughs of Salford.

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.

W. ARONSBURG has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, as far as possible, completely remove, the inconvenience which arises from defective sight.—19, VICTORIA STREET.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* nearly every week. The following have already appeared:—

BROKEN DOWN—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.
HEAVY HEARTS—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.
THE BOLTED DOOR—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.
CLARA BROWN—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.
BOUND HAND AND FOOT—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.
MRS. ALLGOOD'S SECRET—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.
WON BY A NECK—In No. 106, Nov. 23, 1877.
THE RIGHT WINS—In No. 109, Dec. 14, 1877.
AT LAST—In No. 110, Dec. 21, 1877.
RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!—In No. 111, Dec. 28, 1877.
STAGGERING HOME—In No. 112, Jan. 4, 1878.
TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD—In No. 114, Jan. 18, 1878.
 Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 1d. each.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT somebody has got the Queen into a nice scrape.
 That most people can spot that somebody.
 That the whole business is about as ugly as anything which ever occurred in English history.
 That a blind man might trace it from beginning to end.
 That its author thought it a clever trick, for all that.
 That, first of all, Russia was seen to be completely doubling up Turkey.
 That one or two great persons at home, for reasons best known to themselves, like neither the spectacle nor the prospect.
 That the Government was got to move in the matter.
 That a suggestion was thrown out to the Sultan that he had better agree with his adversary without another moment's delay.
 That the Sultan said he knew all that, but he would rather that we, instead of himself, should say to Russia that he wished to end the war.
 That our blessed Beaconsfield Cabinet agreed to do so, and that Russia snubbed our Ministers, as they deserved.
 That, again on the suggestion of somebody, the Sultan wrote a letter to the Queen asking her to appeal to the Czar, partly in the interests of peace, but really in his interest.
 That the aforesaid somebody, in accordance with the pre-arranged plan, had no difficulty in inducing the Queen to comply with this request.

That the Queen wrote her letter, or telegram, to the Czar accordingly.
 That the thing might ooze out, as it did, and it would never do in a constitutional country like this for the sovereign to be acting on her own hook in a crisis like the present.

That somebody saw this, and, therefore, somebody submitted the Queen's telegram to the Cabinet.

That the Cabinet didn't like the look of the thing at all, but, of course, they gave in seeing that it was Her Majesty's gracious pleasure and desire to act in this way, and "all in the interest of peace."

That, consequently, the Queen's telegram was sent off "under her Ministers' advice and with their entire approval."

That, when found out, the Government at first refused to produce the telegram, but had to give in at last.

That they persistently refuse, however, to lay on the table the Sultan's request and the Czar's reply.

That we must have these documents by hook or by crook.

That we may as well live under a despotism at once as tolerate this sort of thing.

That our fathers wouldn't have stood such royal interference many days.

That we are more pliable and patient than those fathers of ours whom the Tories go on landing to the very skies.

That it is the last straw which breaks the camel's back.

That Empresses of India, Earls of Beaconsfield, right royal volumes, and what not, have brought us to a pretty pass.

That, if the Queen's name isn't to be introduced into political discussions, then the Queen herself must learn to mind her own business and keep her own place.

That we haven't yet heard the last of this tidy little trick.

That Mr. Dillwyn deserves the thanks of every lover of his country and every friend of constitutional government for bringing it so well to light on the floor of the House of Commons; and that we hope he will persevere and succeed still further.

That, as people are talking about nothing except this, the *Jackdaw* has no more to give under this heading to-day.

HOLD YOUR HANDS!

[BY OLD JOSH.]

HAVEN damns and blasts with unrelenting dread
 The men whose sins we write as small!
 How, then, upon that awful sinner's head
 Must its extremest vengeance fall
 Who, in degree of guilt, eclipses far
 His God-defying confrères far,
 By turning all his country's sweets to gall
 Through forcing forth her sons to war?

Think well, ye who must England's war-call sound
 On this great question—war or peace,
 Ere ye let slip our fierce but noble hound;
 Think how you'll long when, at decease,
 You stand arraigned before the Judge's face,
 To hear the sweet "Ye have done well!"
 For in this question, as you lead your race,
 Methinks depends your Heaven or Hell!

Don't let them drag our honour in the dust,
 Nor trample us beneath their feet;
 Ask nothing from them only what is just;
 And if they your petition meet
 With blank refusal, then you may proclaim,
 When next you beg, 'twill be with guns,
 For England's rights and her untarnished fame
 Are dear as life to all her sons.

But with brave hearts and honest statesmanship
 Steer England's grand triumphant car;
 Don't, till all better means are tried, let slip,
 For Heaven's sake, the dogs of war.
 Uphold the truth; the liberty restore
 Of those beneath a tyrant's rod;
 Your duty then is done—there's nothing more
 Required by England's sons, or God!

[Our correspondent writes strongly—perhaps a trifle too strongly—but these are times when it does not do to mince matters.—Ed. C. J.]

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } **WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.**

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

(TRANSMITTED THROUGH OUR OWN TALKING TELL-TALE TELEPHONES.)

M GAMBETTA presents his compliments to the *City Jackdaw*, and desires him to inform the members of the Reform Club that he has not yet received their long-expected invitation to dine with them.

Sir Joseph Heron is anxious to place on record his belief that the *City Jackdaw* was quite correct in stating that the City Council cannot get on without him.

Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, would thank the *City Jackdaw* to inform her who it is that has been writing these strong, stirring letters about herself in the *Weekly Times*, under the signature of "Verax."

Her Majesty has enjoyed the aforesaid contributions immensely, and she will at once knight the *City Jackdaw* so soon as he furnishes her with the information now asked for.

Her Majesty will raise "Verax" to the peerage if he will only unmask himself.

I, George Pigott, ex-omnibus driver, now lying under sentence of death for murdering the young woman in Lower Broughton, would like the *Jackdaw* to speak a good word for me. It is quite true that I met with an accident years ago which affected my head, and I was in such a state that dreadful night that I didn't know what I was doing.

Mr. J. W. Maclure would esteem it a favour if the *City Jackdaw* would say a good word for Mr. W. H. Houldsworth now and then, just for the sake of keeping his name before the public, and making it familiar.

The Bishop of Manchester wishes to be informed how the *Jackdaw* expects to get on without him after his retirement.

The Earl of Beaconsfield desires to be supplied with ten thousand copies of last week's paper, containing the only true version of the Queen's Speech.

Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P., denies, most emphatically, that he has any intention of resigning his seat. Men may come and men may go; but Charley means to stick to Salford as long as Salford will stick to him.

The newsboys of Manchester and Salford "respectfully solicit the assistance of our powerful pen to prevent them from being put down by fussy philanthropists."

Sir Stafford Northcote, as Leader of the House of Commons, would feel greatly obliged by the *City Jackdaw* giving him a few tips as to the best plan, or plans, for effectually sitting upon Obstructionists.

Suleiman Pasha, telegraphing late last night, asks us to tell him where he is and whither he is going.

Mr. W. Touchstone, being pumped out, requests our staff to furnish him with a few good essays against the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church.

Mr. W. Aronsberg begs us to accept a pair of spectacles and an opera glass as a slight acknowledgement of all that we have done for him.

Cardinal Manning hopes we will let it be known that his chance for the Pontifical chair is looking up.

Mr. Gladstone regrets that there is but a poor prospect of there being many, or any, big debates this Session.

The Sultan of Turkey longs to know whether we agree with him in thinking that he would never have gone to war but for the Earl of Beaconsfield's tall talk.

Our own Printer's Devil demands an immediate and substantial addition to his already liberal remuneration.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

ALTHOUGH most businesses are about as dull as they well could be, it is pleasing to notice that the matrimonial market is as lively as ever. In proof of this we take up Tuesday's *Examiner* and clip out, for the benefit of those of our fair readers who are still destitute of lords and masters, the following tempting offers:—

A Very respectable Widower, with over £10,000 invested in business, Wishes to Correspond with a Lady, 35 to 38, of nearly equal means, with a view to an early Marriage; answers treated with special confidence; enclose carte de visite.—Address X 136, at the printers'.

A Manufacturer, having £16,000, Wishes to Correspond with an affectionate, pious, and amiable Lady of means, about 30 (widow not objected to), with a view to an early Marriage.—Address, enclosing carte de visite, X 135, at the printers'.

If two of our readers should be lucky enough to catch these wealthy advertisers, we have no doubt that, both as a matter of business, and out of sheer gratitude, they will hand over to the *Jackdaw* a fair and reasonable commission. We know that the circulation of the *Examiner* is large, but we also know that the circulation of the *Jackdaw* is ———er.

MR. RICHARD HAWORTH.

MR. RICHARD HAWORTH is an excellent gentleman—when he isn't meddling with politics. But when he touches them he seems to become quite another man. How can a Christian, a preacher of the Gospel, like him, consistently back up the Turk? Yet this is what he does. At least, this was what he did at the recent meeting in Salford. Commenting on that gathering, the *Salford Weekly News* says:—

"We wish we could congratulate Mr. Haworth on the company that he keeps. The whole affair was a big success. That is, the Tories once more proved themselves to be good tricksters. By filling the Town Hall half-an-hour before the chair was taken, they kept the respectable portion of the community outside the building. By yelling like hyenas whenever Mr. Alderman Harwood and Mr. William Agnew endeavoured to address them, they revealed their true character. By carrying the amendment they once more laid themselves at the feet of the Earl of Beaconsfield. By their entire procedure, they did their little best again to hold up Salford to public ridicule. We wish them joy of their contemptible triumph, and can only hope that it will be many a day before the Liberals stoop to follow their unworthy example. If Mr. Richard Haworth and the Tories of Salford wish to go and shake hands with the Bashi-Bazouks, and fight with them and for them, let them go by all means—and a good riddance it will be. Turkey, no doubt, will be glad to see them. She sorely needs the aid of such men in her present extremity. But don't let Mr. Richard Haworth and his friends inform the Bashi-Bazouks that it is Salford which has sent them on their holy mission. Let them be truthful, and say, instead, that they have come in their own name, or, if they prefer it, in the name of the Tory town's meeting."

SPIRITUALISM MADE EASY.

LAST week we published a short article with the laudable object of showing that even such a deep and mysterious thing as theology can be made extremely simple and easy when dealt with by the proper parties. To-day it is our pleasure to render a similar service in respect to another mystery, to wit, Spiritualism. Many people would like to have a word with the other world now and then; but the table-turning method so generally adopted is too slow and unsatisfactory for persons who have little time and less patience. The difficulty, however, will now disappear. A gentleman—a genius—has discovered a simple plan by which, it seems, we can carry on a conversation with the denizens of the so-called Silent Land whenever we happen to be so minded. Writing to the *Graphic* he thus describes the process:—"Sir,—I have made experiments which everybody can repeat, and which seems conclusive in favour of Spiritualism. The possibility of conversing with the spiritual world is demonstrated in the following manner:—Tie a string to the knob of a gaselier, or any fixed point. Make a loop at the lower extremity of the string, at about one inch and a half above the surface of a table placed under the string. This is all the apparatus. One person only, taking a pen and passing a hand (any) in the loop, letting the hand rest there, the arm horizontal, not touching the table, without stiffness in hand or arm, will see the pen (or pencil) tracing characters on a sheet of paper placed on the table, and answering any question (or thought) asked by another party. It is not necessary to speak to get answers, and most striking ones. It writes in all tongues, even unknown by the unconscious writer. A child can do it. I will not for the present mention any more. The terrible things it says will be shortly known by all, as no assistance is required and everybody can question the spirits and write the answer. No delusion is possible in this, and belief must necessarily follow, however reluctantly. All doubts about the existence of Satan, his fall, his tempting man, and about the authenticity of our sacred writings must now give place to entire and deep faith, founded on experimental proofs. Men can lie—through interest; spirits cannot lie, unless it is the Evil One, and it is easy to distinguish his answers from those of pure spirits. But I leave this and thousands of startling questions to be decided by scientific and ecclesiastical investigation. The only remark I must add is that out of ten persons two or three may meet a flat refusal of any communication. One must bear in mind that one converses with free spirits. I advise you to try, and bid your readers do the same. My discovery may lead to astonishing results if experimented on a large scale. In the beginning, the hand not being used to yield freely to the impulse, communications are more slow. In five or ten minutes one writes generally as fast as usual. It is to table-rapping what the telegraph is to the post-office system." We shall be glad to publish any faithful reports which correspondents may send us of the results of their experiments in this direction and in accordance with this discovery of how to make Spiritualism easy.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

THE TURKISH-LONDON PRESS.

READERS, with an eye to the ridiculous and possessed of some sense of humour, will have relished the rhapsodies in which the Turkish-London Press has indulged during the last few days. At first, these writers threw up their hats over the Queen's Speech, and said it was just the thing. Precautionary measures were to be adopted with an eye to Dizzy's "unforeseen occurrence." There was little in that—just about as little as there is in the bulk of Beaconsfield's bunkum and balderdash—but drowning men and waning causes are in the practice of catching at straws. It mattered not a fig that the more sensible of the Ministers had stated somewhat plainly that they set no weight by the ravings of our Turkish papers. The noble Earl of Beaconsfield himself condescended to use these words during the dreary debate on the Address: "No doubt if the noble Lord (Granville) can dub extremely Liberal organs Conservative journals, and if he may marshal their statements as authentic and satisfactory evidence that the English Government have adopted a particular policy, he can have no difficulty in proving his case, or, indeed, any case." Lord Salisbury confessed that his "acquaintance with newspapers is not great," and suggested that "this discussion of newspaper articles, whether Ministerial or otherwise, is not likely to give credit or decorum to our discussions." Sir Stafford Northcote "did not wish to say anything on behalf of certain indiscreet friends and supporters," who had "from time to time put an improper construction" upon Ministerial "acts and words."

As we have said, the Turkish-English newspapers, notwithstanding this slap in the face from Ministers, spoke well of the Queen's speech at first. That they have since altered their attitude will surprise nobody. The *Daily Telegraph* is rapidly tearing out all the hair that remains on its head. "Having initiated the negotiations for peace so dishonestly conducted," it raves; "having led the Porte to submit to the necessity of abandoning Adrianople; having pledged ourselves not to allow even a military occupation of Constantinople, now actually and proximately threatened; and seeing the whole European and Asiatic world wondering at our idle fleet and our paralysed diplomacy, what is the country to do? Are we to wait, forsooth, to learn the Russian conditions of peace when they shall be tardily vouchsafed to us from a palace on the Golden Horn? Are we to discuss the question of the Turkish Straits and of the Treaty of Paris with Prince Gortschakoff when the forts of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are quietly manned by Russian soldiers, and Turkey has signed away in her despair everything but her existence as the vassal henceforward of the Czar? If not, the interval for saving the waning honour and influence of Great Britain must be estimated by days, or rather hours." Singing its own praises a few days before, the same distinguished journal exclaimed: "The duty of this journal has been firmly done in support of the Imperial Government, and in constant efforts to maintain peace while it was possible, and, when the cruel war had broken forth, to set to it stern limits by a policy of humanity and honour. It would be an exaggeration to say that it is too late for the English Empire to adopt a course to which attention must be paid. But the diplomatic and military positions forcibly indicate the fact that the eleventh hour is striking." Yes; the eleventh hour is striking as regards others than Turkey.

But when we turn from the *Telegraph* to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, another renegade from the Liberal ranks, the fun increases. At the outset, be it remembered, the *Gazette* agreed with the others that the Queen's Speech would save both Turkey and themselves. This, however, is the style in which it now indulges: "The Queen's Ministers tell Parliament that an 'unexpected occurrence' may call for 'measures of precaution;' they admit that such measures require adequate preparation; require, that is—unless words have changed their meaning—that something must be done beforehand in order to make it possible to take these measures if and when the unexpected occurrence should present itself; and they conclude by saying, if we rightly understand them, that they will wait for the 'occurrence' itself before making any preparations to meet it. It is just as though a man should say, 'I may at any moment receive a summons which will compel me at a moment's notice to undertake a long, arduous, and costly journey. Such a journey cannot be undertaken without adequate preparation; and therefore I shall wait to receive the summons before I order a portmanteau.' If that would be thought ludicrous in the mouth of a private person, what is there to make it less ludicrous in the mouths of Ministers describing their foreign policy to the Parliament of their country? But the timidity and irresolution of this announcement and the construction it has received will have worse consequences, we fear, for the

Cabinet than that of raising a smile. It will go far to paralyse their action at the time when, in their own opinion, the need of action has arisen." And so we may safely leave Beaconsfield and his friends floundering and foundering through their own incapacity and folly!

WASHING THE UNWASHED.

WHILE a number of public men in Manchester are endeavouring, not, apparently, with much success, to find a way of settling the street children question, that eminent philanthropist, Mr. W. Aronsberg, whose numerous and most estimable benefactions of spectacles and barometers have made his name known all over the world, has been elaborating what he modestly calls a "quiet plan" of his own for the regeneration of these children. He attended the dinner given the other day by the proprietors of the *Evening News* to the news boys and girls, and found out two facts which have filled his charitable breast with grief ever since. One fact was that the children are very dirty, and the other that a large majority of them absolutely did not know the use of a knife and fork. Anxious to do what in him lies to mitigate such terrible evils, Mr. Aronsberg has written a letter to the Manchester School Board, asking them to lend him a schoolroom in which he may carry out his benevolent intention by gathering the children together and presenting them with towels, soap, combs, brushes, &c. I quote the "de." because, though a small word, it means a great deal, and shows that Mr. Aronsberg's charitable views are not bounded by either soap or towels, and that he may even mean to add tin wash-hand basins. Perhaps I am not quite correct in saying that Mr. Aronsberg intends to mitigate both evils as far as possible, for, though he mentions two, his plan appears only to deal with one. Yet this, if it be true, is only another proof of his farseeing benevolence, for no doubt he considers that, although a want of knowledge of the proper use of knives and forks is *per se* an evil, yet the times are so hard that it would be cruel to impart this instruction. It would, in fact, be, as Goldsmith says, like giving a man ruffles when he wanted a shirt. However, to let that pass, I am sure Mr. Aronsberg will not feel offended if I venture to offer a suggestion, though, perhaps, it is an unnecessary one. His large-hearted charity will be far more highly appreciated both by children and parents if he does the thing handsomely, as no doubt he will, than if he contents himself with carrying out the mere letter of his plan. My suggestion is, that each child should receive a box of Rowland's Kalydon, half-a-dozen of the finest Turkish towels, a tortoiseshell brush and comb, and a complete set of toilet ware. The reason is, of course, obvious. The pawnbroker will lend the virtuous parents far more on these articles than on common yellow soap and mere cotton towels, and the said virtuous parents will go about blessing Mr. Aronsberg till the last day of their lives. But the charity of this great and good man does not stop at the materials for cleanliness. He intends to give prizes for cleanliness itself. And in making such an offer he commits himself to no slight undertaking, for if each child gets as clean as the other, there will obviously be no difference, and he will have several hundred prizes to give away. Luckily, however, to use an advertising phrase, his stock is a large and well-selected one, and would easily stand such defection. Here, again, I may venture to suggest that parents and pawnbrokers are far more partial to barometers and microscopes than to spectacles, and both parents might get drunk for at least a fortnight on the proceeds of such a beautiful barometer as Mr. Aronsberg has just presented to the grateful School Board of Manchester—the said Board, it is worthy of mention, laughing all over its face for joy when the great philanthropist's admirable letter was read. In the meantime—although Mr. Aronsberg is the last man in the world to connect philanthropy with advertising—the recipients of his generous gifts are not expressly forbidden to tell their friends that he keeps spectacles to suit all ages and sights, and that his fine assortment of optical and other instruments is going for the lowest cash prices.

THE Russians are expected to reach Gallipoli to-morrow. They entered Adrianople some days ago. As Adrianople is only about one hundred and twenty miles from Constantinople, and as the railway connects the two places, they will be in the capital, or besieging it, in a few days. British Interests! What's to be done? England should be in a blaze as soon as England reads these lines!

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

Pats. 1843. and 22. 93.

INTERVIEW WITH A GREAT POET.

Percy l'Estrange, author of "Leukippe: a legend of Phokis," "Erotic Transcriptions from Anacreon," "Phantasma: a Subjective Romance," "The Villa del Borgo," "Songs after Sunset," "Bosnian Buttercups," "Tita: and other Poems," &c.

Hiram P. van Slike, special correspondent and reporter of the New York Earthquake.

PERCY (with a letter): Here is the brightest ideal of my dreams. Borne on the wings of swift advancing fame I seem each day to reach some eminence, once inaccessible. From distant lands the eager strangers seek my dwelling-place, and love to gaze upon my countenance [looks in the glass] to trace the engravings of laborious thought; to mark the mystic meaning of my glance, to beg an autograph—delightful gift so precious to these pilgrims, yet so cheap. 'Tis sweet to watch them bringing pairs of scissors to sever pieces from the table cloth as sacred relics of the great l'Estrange, and once I saw an old enthusiast raise up a cast-off tooth-pick from the floor and put it to his lips. Yes, fame is mine, and well deserved, but see, the western stranger is now arrived.

[Enter H. P. van S.]

Percy: Van Slike, sir, I believe?

Hiram: Hiram P. van Slike, of New York, is my name, and I guess you are the Mister Leestrange.

Percy: Percy l'Estrange.

Hiram (with note-book and pencil): Spell it with a little l or a big L?

[Percy holds up a volume of poems and shows him the title page].

Hiram: Little l. That's fixed; author of numerous poems? Age last birthday?

Percy: Thirty-nine years, the twenty-first of June.

Hiram: Married, and if so how many children?

Percy: Single I live, and single I shall die.

Hiram: I guess you'd better keep that quiet when the fair womankind hover around. Average weight?

Percy: Nay: I know not.

Hiram: You English never do. It aint peculiar to poets. Perhaps you don't despise knowing your height?

Percy: Some five feet seven inches.

Hiram: Five feet seven, and not much superfluous corpus, say one-hundred and thirty-five pounds net. Hair brown; eyes blue; nose indecisive; and complexion rather mottled. Now then, sir, how are you? Your fame has reached our shores, our citizens enjoy your works at a cheap rate and admire you. Our country admires you—that boundless Republic of which I am the representative. I guess I'm tired of standing; shall we sit?

Percy: Your journal, I suppose, is world-renowned. The New York Earthquake you call it?

Hiram: You bet on that. Your remark shall be duly inserted, though we are beyond all ordinary advertisements. We're not like your crawling insular dailies, whose only notion of advertising is a blue and white sign. Our next affair in that line will be an expedition to the North Pole, entirely provided by the proprietors of the Earthquake, and commanded by myself. But it's you that's the subject of this meeting, if you please. The American public wish to be acquainted with all the little details of your private life.

Percy: Let them search my writings, and ponder well. Let them read between the lines, and they will decypher the changes of my poetic condition, and catch the varying influences of the external world.

Hiram: I guess you are rather out of it there, mister. Take a parallel case—Shakspeare. Look at all the wild guesses about that celebrated and elegant poet. If he had once been properly interviewed by a reporter of the Earthquake, we should have had the man before us. We should not have people advocating such platforms as that he never existed, or that he was a woman, or that he was Bacon. Would you wish that in three hundred years l'Estrange should be but a name, and that people should conjecture that the real poet was Van Slike Hiram, P.?

Percy: There is much in what you say. As I have said in "Phantasma," and I cannot hope to improve on those deep, stretching lines:—

Distrustful, disdainful, unshaken,
But dawdling in dalliance divine,
Would haughty humanity waken—
Fame, fortune, and future were mine;

But the winds from the westerly ocean,
The fire burning low in the grate,
And the pendulum's tedious motion
Proclaim to my genius—Wait.

Hiram: That's elegant, extremely elegant. Now, might I ask what did that poem fetch?—"Phantasma." There's nothing pleases our people over there so much as having inclusive information about the gains of the European authors.

Percy: Why so?

Hiram: Why, you see they feel proud that the Britishers have had to pay for what they enjoy for nothing. It gives an additional glamour to your valuable poetry. But I don't ask you to tell me about your business arrangements. You don't find me pushing impertinent inquiries. You might tell me too insignificant a sum.

Percy: The sum, alas! is not too large; but so the world has always been to men of genius.

Hiram: Jes so. Now, I write as follows—"Mr. Leestrange, the new and successful poet, is said to have netted fifty thousand dollars by his poem 'Phantasma.' This is better than keeping a drinking bar in Broadway. He inhabits an elegant bachelor establishment furnished in an unpretending but tasteful style, and the aristocratic heiresses of England sigh at his feet in vain, for he remains unticklesome." That's my style, sir, and it will do you good out in our country. Now, before I go I should be glad to hear your opinions on the Eastern question.

Percy: I am no politician; I am simply a poet.

Hiram: You are not a Russian like the "Earthly Paradise" fellow?

Percy: No.

Hiram: Nor a Turk like the gallophions Algernon?

Percy: No more of this.

Hiram: Well, sir, I take my leave. You are not the first man of genius that I have interviewed, nor will you be the last. If you come over to our country you'll find plenty of people ready to shake you by the hand and stare you in the face. They let you find out they're alive over there.

Percy: Well, good bye, Mr. Van Slike. As I have said in "Tita":

The wide Atlantic severs two fair lands,
Like sleep between two dreams.

Hiram: The quotation shall be duly noted and inserted in a more appropriate part of the conversation. You sound your h's remarkably well, but you have rather a strong English accent. Good bye. [Exit.]

Percy: Renown and glory; honour and respect; for the Earthquake has done it, and Hiram P. van Slike to-day means or spells, FAME.

HAPPY ECCLES.

THE people of Eccles and that district are really a miserable lot, or at any rate some of them well deserve to be spoken of as such, in spite of their cakes. There is seldom a public meeting held in the neighbourhood, we firmly believe, at which there is not unpleasantness of some sort. No matter how simple may be the object of a gathering, there is sure to be some person present who does his best to make himself disagreeable, and, we regret to have to say this for the sake of the character of the inhabitants generally, there never fails to be other individuals ready to support the grumbler in the course he takes. We don't envy the members of the Local Board of Health, for somebody or other is always digging away at them, and old grievances are never allowed to die. The other night a meeting of ratepayers was called for the purpose of consent being given to the Board to oppose a Railway Bill which, it is said, will prejudicially affect the district. Now, the thing was as plain as A B C. The Board wanted power to obtain a *locus standi* in order that they might be in a position to treat to advantage with the railway company, not intending of course to go to the expense of formally opposing the Bill if the company would concede what they required. And yet the meeting was not allowed to pass off quietly. Occasion was taken by a gentleman with a loud voice and no little assurance to introduce a matter which has been talked to death long ago, and which was, moreover, not pertinent to the subject before the meeting. The Chairman intimated that the introduction of this old bone of contention was out of order; but the Chairman was hoarse and could not maintain a contest with the gentleman of the strong lungs, who, we feel certain, must be or is destined to be a shining light in Eccles. Unfortunately, other persons followed the example of this rising man, and the old sore was re-opened and commented on *ad nauseum*. Finally the Board was authorised to oppose the Bill if necessary, and the meeting came to a close. Eccles people have much to learn in relation to the conduct of their public meetings, from which all decent folks must wish to be delivered at present.

WORMALD'S PILLS are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS,
Roxas, 114d. and 2d. St.

SHAKING THE BISHOP.

He would only speak for himself, and he would say, if they shook him well up, they would find that he had, perhaps, quite as many Conservative as Liberal ideas; and he had not the least doubt that his friend, Mr. Farthing, among his bundle of Conservative maxims, had some that anyone would say were Liberal.—*Bishop Fraser at Mossley.*

TAKE him judiciously,
Shake him with care,
Wafting capriciously
Words on the air;
List to his patter
(Don't let him fall),
Hark to his chatter,
Welcome to all.
Ceaselessly chattering,
Sentences scattering,
It would be pitiful
If in a city fall
Barren were found
The whole of the ground—
Nowhere a root,
Nowhere a shoot.

Handle him tenderly,
Wait for the crop;
Hanging so slenderly,
Don't let him drop.
Shake him sufficiently,
Squeeze him proficiently,
He's in his glory,
Trembles each Tory;
Should he dissemble,
Radicals tremble,
What is a hiss to him?
Nought comes amiss to him.
Him no uneasy thing
Ever can balk—
Anything, anything,
So he can talk!

Take him up, take him up,
Lift him aloft!
Shake him up, shake him up,
Gently, but oft!
Seeing his weakness
Extolling his glories,
And leaving with meekness
His sins to the Tories.

UNEXPECTED OCCURRENCES.

ALL the world now knows why Parliament was summoned in such a big hurry. It is to make provision for "some unexpected occurrence." The only important paragraph in the Queen's Speech was the following:—"I cannot conceal from myself that, should hostilities be unfortunately prolonged, some unexpected occurrence may render it incumbent on me to adopt measures of precaution. Such measures could not be effectually taken without adequate preparation, and I trust to the liberality of my Parliament to supply the means which may be required for that purpose." Why trouble themselves so much as the Government are doing about an "unexpected occurrence?" Russia has promised that she will respect British interests. Why not believe her? If you give a good dog a bad name, and treat him accordingly, he will certainly become a bad dog in time. The best way to make Russia do what is wrong is to tell her that we don't expect her to do what is right. This "unexpected occurrence" of the Government is quite in keeping with Beaconsfield's Aylesbury and Guildhall speeches, and will probably perpetuate the mischief which they commenced.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

NOW that the Assizes are over, and the *Jackdaw* is, therefore, presumably not liable to be hauled up for contempt of court, he may be permitted to ask on what principle of law, or of equity, or of common sense and common fairness Mr. Justice Denman regulates the sentences he passes on the unfortunate criminals who come before him. One scamp who, in the estimation of every person in Court, deserves five years, gets six months. Another convict, whose offences would appear fully punished by six months, gets five years. The *Jackdaw* has the temerity to say that the administration of justice in the Crown Court when his lordship presides

is not all that could be wished. Add to this an extreme liking for hearing the sound of his own voice, and a propensity for summing-up the most trivial cases at enormous length, and with wearisome reiteration, and the *Jackdaw* cannot help thinking that a good advocate was spoilt to make a bad judge when the Honourable George Denman was elevated to the Bench. By-the-bye, why is it that Mr. Denman has never been knighted like the other judges?

TALKING about the Assizes, is it not time that something was done to transfer a portion of the litigation which takes place in the *Nisi Prius* Court to another tribunal? At the very least, quite two-thirds of the cases which Mr. Baron Pollock has been engaged in trying, ought to have been disposed of in the County Court. Why on earth litigants should set in motion the cumbersome and expensive machinery of the superior courts about matters generally involving from twenty pounds to fifty pounds is more than I can understand, except on the assumption that most of these actions are prompted by a revengeful spirit and a desire in the parties to put each other to the greatest possible cost. Mr. Russell, at the Manchester County Court, settles every week, in half-an-hour, far more important cases than those which occupy a judge and jury for half-a-day at the Assizes.

OUR readers will have noticed that a great Disestablishment gathering is to be held in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday next. A word to the wise is enough.

WHEN will religious zeal be tempered with discretion? The Catholics of Manchester and Salford held a meeting in the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday night in support of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College—an object for which the *Jackdaw* sees no reason to quarrel with them. Nor would it in fact have been necessary to allude to the meeting had it not been for the violent and unscrupulous attack which one of the speakers, Mr. Weld Blundell, thought proper to make upon the missionaries which the different Protestant Churches send out from England. According to him, they are a greedy, tyrannical, self-seeking set of hypocrites, and offer a striking contrast to the saintly and almost angelic Roman missionaries. The statement was not only spiteful and evidently dictated by a mean jealousy: it was utterly untrue, and the countenances of the Marquis of Ripon and the Bishop of Salford, as they listened to the tirade, showed how uneasy it made them feel. By-the-bye, when Mr. Blundell was contrasting the poverty of Roman missionaries with what he calls the wealth of their Protestant competitors, and begging piteously to the audience to put their hands in their pockets, why did it not occur to some one to ask him how far short of one hundred thousand pounds a year his own income is? If Mr. Blundell were to practise what he preaches with so muchunction, and sell all he has and give it to the poor, the *Jackdaw* believes that a good many hundreds of these poor Roman missionaries might be placed in comfortable circumstances for the rest of their lives. Mr. Blundell may talk a good deal about charity and that sort of thing, but the tenants of all his valuable building land at Southport and Birkdale do not find him the least exacting landlord in the world.

It is remarkable, indeed, how quickly the romance dies out of a thing when it comes to be confronted by stern matter of fact, especially if there happens to be a little law in the matter. There was a capital illustration of this at the Salford Borough Police Court the other day. Some unfortunate wretch was brought before the Court for stealing a pair of boots, or something of the sort; but when the prosecutrix was put into the witness box she intimated that she declined to prosecute. The Bench, thinking no doubt that the good lady was simply inclined to be merciful, and that a word from the representatives of the law would show her that it was her duty to proceed, mildly informed her that she must prosecute, but to the astonishment of everybody concerned she refused most positively to be sworn. Thereupon the magistrates and their clerk put their heads together, and after some little consultation the refractory lady was told that by refusing to give evidence she would put herself literally into Queer Street, and render herself liable to pains and penalties. Still this mercifully-inclined female held her ground, averring that she came to the Court not for the purpose of prosecuting the prisoner, but in order to get that individual off. And she remained obdurate until the learned stipendiary gave her to understand that if she persisted in her refusal to be sworn she would probably find herself committed to gaol for seven days, or until she thought fit to do as she was required. The seven days' imprisonment settled the matter. Before the prospect of prison fare the good lady's resolution wavered, and with evident reluctance she allowed the oath to be administered. Might it not be said of her that "the spirit, indeed, was willing, but the flesh was weak?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6, of chemists.

"Nature provides a Remedy for every Complaint."—Shakspeare.

THE ONLY KNOWN EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,
AND LUMBAGO.

VICKERS' ANTILACTIC
SOLD BY CHEMISTS,
IN BOTTLES, 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

Depot:—Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames St.

EAGLE TELEGRAPH WORKS.—Offices, 52 and 55, Hatton Garden, E.C., London, Nov. 15th, 1877.
Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.
F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.
Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTILACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,
Beadle of the Royal Exchange, London.
JOHN BELLARS.

MCLARDY, MAKIN & SMITH,

WHOLESALE JEWELLERS AND GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN,

HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

CLOCKS, ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, CHINA, & GLASS GOODS,
TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION.

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BY ROYAL



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If your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker,
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DRAUGHT EXCLUDER FOR BOTTOM OF DOORS.

Prices, with
Testimonials,
on
application.

SIDE VIEW
DOOR OPEN



SIDE VIEW
DOOR SHUT



USUAL SPACE ADMITTING DRAUGHTS DUST & RAIN

Can be applied to any door in a few minutes, and (important to tenants) can be removed as quickly, without injury to the door or framework.

SLATER & CO., GREAVES STREET, OLDHAM.

CAUTION.—If you would secure comfort at home in all weathers, be sure to apply none other than SLATER'S Patent Prize Medal

SIDE VIEW
DOOR SHUT

DRAUGHT EXCLUDER for bottom of doors, as shown at Cheetham Hill and Pomona Palace Exhibitions. Dust spoils and scratches furniture, oilcloths, and tiles. This apparatus lifts 1 inch, clearing carpets or uneven floors, and shuts down quite weather tight; it is self-acting, durable, and cheap.

DISESTABLISHMENT.

THE
ANNUAL MEETING
Of the Manchester and Salford Auxiliary of the
LIBERATION SOCIETY

WILL BE HELD IN
THE FREE TRADE HALL,
On Tuesday, January 29th, 1878.

SPEAKERS—

- EDWARD JENKINS, Esq., M.P.
J. D. HUTCHINSON, Esq., M.P.
ARTHUR ARNOLD, Esq.
Rev. G. C. HUTTON, D.D. } As Deputation
J. DICK PEDDIE, Esq. } from the
Scottish Council.
Hon. E. LYULPH STANLEY.
J. CHARLES COX, Esq.
W. S. CAINE, Esq.
ALFRED ILLINGWORTH, Esq.
Rev. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, B.A.
HUGH MASON, Esq.
Rev. ALEXANDER THOMSON, D.D.
Rev. MARMADUKE MILLER.
&c., &c.

HENRY LEE, Esq., J.P.,
Will take the Chair at 7-30 p.m.

DOORS OPEN AT 6-30.
Tickets at all Liberal Clubs and Free Churches
in the District.

J. F. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
Offices—4, St. James's Square,
Manchester.

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

WATSON'S RUBBING BOTTLE.
The celebrated remedy for Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Pains in the Joints and Face, Lumbago, Swellings, Sprains, Bites, Dog Bites, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, &c.

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